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PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE.
The photographs of residences being built, which The Herald published yesterday, showed only a few of the structures now going up in Salt Lake, but they are good examples of the class of construction under way—substantial, in good taste and evidencing a degree of prosperity and comfort among all classes of citizens. From day to day The Herald expects to repeat these illustrations of home-building as the very best possible indication to outsiders and home people of the rapid progress the city is making in its modernization.

It is a fair guess that few Salt Lake residents outside the architects and contractors have any idea of the tremendous growth the city is making in every direction. Not only has the northeast and southeast portions of the city built up phenomenally, but an amazing growth has begun on the west side following the initiation of work on the Short Line's new station and the beginning of work on the Western Pacific.

The slowest section of the city in improvements is the business district. Probably no other city in the country doing the same amount of business has as few fine structures on its main street, yet no city has higher rentals or pays better returns on investment in business property. Gradually, these rentals have risen until they have about reached a prohibitive figure on Main street and have compelled the smaller concerns to spread into the cross-town thoroughfares. Even with this change, values are advancing constantly and today it is impossible to find a foot of Main street ground north of the new postoffice that is not held at from 50 to 100 per cent higher than it could have been bought for three or four years ago.

The Real Estate association has taken on the right motto when it calls Salt Lake "The City of Opportunities." No city in the country today, large or small, has a brighter outlook or a more substantial basis for enduring prosperity.

CAMPAIN FOR A DEAD ONE.
After fighting the Big Cottonwood proposition ever since its inception; after encouraging obstruction, inciting litigation and advising owners of water rights to sabotage the city for big prices, the Tribune now turns a death-dealing flip and declares that Thompson, the "American" party and it are the real friends of a greater water supply for Salt Lake.

Perhaps you didn't know it, but, according to the Tribune, "the truth is, that the 'American' party and Mayor Mr. Thompson are more alive to the needs of the city, more earnest in their desire and purpose to add to the city's water supply than Morris and his reactionary backers, but they do not want to pay a million dollars for 20 cents' worth of alleged improvement."

Punny way the "American" party and Thompson have had of showing that they are "more alive to the needs of the city" than Morris. Tom Homer, who fought the Big Cottonwood water plan in the courts, is one of the bright, particular stars of the "American" party; Sanford, the attorney who appeared in court against the water improvements, is another of the "American" galaxy; behind these two have been other "Americans" who had just as much interest in defeating the undertaking, but were too cowardly to appear publicly as obstructionists.

The truth is, and everybody knows it, that no one has criticized or objected to the administration's plan for a greater water supply except the "American" party and its leaders. The truth is, and this probably accounts for the Tribune's sudden profession of interest in the water question, that the people of Salt Lake, excepting the "Americans," are unanimously in favor of the Big Cottonwood enterprise, they approve Mayor Morris for his part in it, and they will re-elect him as a sign of their approval.

Suppose for a moment that Thompson were chosen mayor. Suppose his first action were to be on the water question. Would he divert the bond money for the purchase of iron pipe from a favored contractor as he did when he spent the \$250,000 of bonds voted during his administration? Would he name John E. Dooly as chairman of the board of public works as he did before, and let Dooly direct how the public improvements should be made, and by whom? Would he sit around his uptown office, as he did before, and let his private secretary run so much of the city government as Dooly would permit him to run?

"More alive to the needs of the city than Morris!" Bless you, Thompson, was never alive to anything in his life but a horse race or a chance to fill his pocket for himself as it filled by. During his four years of city office he was the dearest man in town outside the City cemetery or Mt. Olive, so far as any service to the municipality was concerned.

"More alive to the needs of the city!" He spent \$250,000 on water improvements without getting an additional drop of water, and nobody but a political corpse could establish that sort of record. He did no sidewalk improvements.

ment, practically no street paving, no sewer extension, "no nothing," and not much of that. An Egyptian mummy of the First Dynasty would be a brisk brother compared with Thompson in the mayor's chair.

But, to consider Ez seriously, what would he and his equally live organ do with the water question if they get a chance at it? In all their philippics against Morris they have carefully refrained from proposing any other plan than the one he has adopted and is carrying out successfully. They certainly would have to take the Big Cottonwood-water for, in a moment of inspiration, dear old Dennis Eichner wrote a message to the council for Ezra, which Ezra signed, recommending the acquisition of Big Cottonwood.

But how would Ez get it without adopting the Morris system? Would he just go out with a shovel and turn the water toward the city, or would he execute the contracts already made between the city and the owners of the water as Morris expects to do? Would he complete the conduit, or bring the water into the city mains with a hose? The Tribune knows, and Ez knows, the "American" party knows, and everybody else knows, that neither Thompson nor the Tribune or any other power could devise a change of plan; that the whole Morris arrangement for the enlargement of the city's water supply is the only feasible and practicable plan; and that even Thompson would be compelled to admit it and adopt exactly the arrangement now in force and being completed.

The truth is, that the "Americans" have realized a little too late that the people want the Big Cottonwood water, they are going to have it, and the man who has done the only real work in that direction, Richard P. Morris, is going to be re-elected to finish the job. More power to him!

WOULD LAPSE SUFFRAGE.
In a recent magazine article Governor Joseph W. Folk of Missouri discusses the question of good government, and how to get it. Almost necessarily, in the handling of such a topic, he takes up the question of voting. Among other things, he says:

"The right of suffrage is a precious privilege; it marks the difference between the citizen and the subject. Men have been barred by law from all the privileges of citizenship, and we would give up our lives rather than lose it. But we do not all ways exercise the right which we prize so highly. 'Unless all of the people vote, the result of an election does not show its just sentiment of the citizens. The exercise of the franchise is the highest duty of citizenship, and it would seem to be only just that those who do not prize the privilege enough to exercise it should not have it. Let him who without good cause avoids his simple duty of casting a ballot be barred by law from all the privileges that flow from citizenship. A corporation loses a franchise by non-use. Apply this principle to government. Men appreciate something that they are in danger of losing. The future of our government rests upon the integrity of the citizen and upon his activity in public affairs. Good government must begin at home, in cities and towns, and proceed from there to state and nation."

The governor has covered the situation in a very few words. The remedy he suggests is a good one. When a duly qualified voter fails to exercise the right of suffrage for, say, two or three elections, unless he can show a very good reason therefor, let him be denied the privilege of voting for a year or two. As Governor Folk says, the remedy would have to be applied very cautiously.

It would not do to make a political, partisan matter out of it. Only men of the very highest standing should be named on what might be called disfranchisement boards. But it does not seem possible that they would be called upon very often to cut names off of the voting lists. Once let the voters understand that they are likely to lose the privilege which some of them seem to esteem so lightly, and they would rush to protect it.

There wouldn't be any trouble about securing a complete registration or a full vote; the elections would, indeed, reflect the desires of the people. Political parties of all sorts should welcome an innovation of this character because it would cut down the outlay for campaign expenses by about one-half or two-thirds. No carriages would be needed to take voters to registration offices or to the polls; there would be little need for arguing with the stay-at-home voter.

We wish Governor Folk would secure the passage of a law in Missouri along the lines he lays down. The progress of the experiment would be watched with the keenest interest throughout the United States.

Mr. Jerome has promised, if elected, to prosecute every criminal who needs prosecuting for mismanagement of insurance affairs. The insurance companies are convinced it would be very wrong to contribute to his campaign.

No, dearly beloved, it is not true that the hierarchy burned down the Sunnyside coke plant in order to furnish work for church members. But he's likely to be accused of it before the campaign is over.

Those ardent patriots who are betting Thompson will carry the Third precinct are likely to waver before they finish that Ez will get all the votes in the tithing yard and a few from church headquarters.

Whenever the "American" party management feels really patriotic we would like to remind them of the several thousand dollars still due creditors from the patriotic war of last fall.

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS.

Keep Him on the Watch Tower.
(Milwaukee Sentinel.)
Colonel J. Hamilton Lewis temporarily is obsessed by the fear that this country is "going to the dogs," but so long as Colonel Lewis is able to sound the note of warning the danger is not imminent.

Play No Favorites.
(Atlanta Journal.)
Those Japanese, colonial people and astute diplomats, Colonel Bryan is carrying the country by just as handsome a majority as Secretary Taft recently did.

Escaped a Terrible Licking.
(Detroit Free Press.)
With President Roosevelt headed southward, Castro is probably congratulating himself that he did not undertake that march on New Orleans just at this time.

Would Be a Fine Plank.
(Kansas City Journal.)
It is just possible that the next Republican platform will include the proposition to President Roosevelt's splendid progress in abating race suicide.

Might Try the Tail and Waving Grass.
(Detroit News.)
Unless we preserve our forests, what is to become of the other leaders of Mr. Roosevelt's party when reform sets in?

Lets the Others Do It.
(Kansas City Star.)
Secretary Taft said in a speech in Ohio that V. M. Bryan will be the Democratic presidential nominee in 1908. He was too modest, though, to venture a forecast as to who the Republican nominee will be.

And Sticking His Toe In.
(Denver Republican.)
No doubt the accounts of the president's salt water bath made Judge Parker feel like going down and breaking the ice that has begun to form about the edges of the Zeopos swimming hole.

Will Have to Dine at Restaurants.
(Washington Star.)
One of the saddest features of James H. Hyde's case will be the manner in which people will hereafter wonder whether it is proper to accept his dinner invitations.

TALES OF LOST FORTUNES.

Hard-Luck Stories of Men Who Might Have Been Millionaires.
(Tit-Bits.)

That the days of romance are by no means over is proved by the story of J. T. Cowan, a Texas cattleman, who, while going through some old family papers a few weeks ago, discovered the clue to a fortune far beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. The papers which came thus dramatically to light were deeds relating to 160 acres of land in the very heart of New York, where an acre is worth almost anything from a million pounds upward. Mr. Cowan, the son of a Welshman named Hartfelder, who emigrated to New York in 1872 and purchased an estate of land on which the homes and business houses of millions have since sprung up like mushrooms; and this city El Dorado should be the property of the Dallas cattleman, who has discovered the original deed, and handed it to his ancestor. Prominent Wall street men, it is said, have offered Mr. Cowan \$24,000 for his rights; but he has turned his back even on this enormous sum.

It is of Dallas, by the way, that an old story, equally romantic, is told. Sixty years ago one Joseph Hancock, a Hampshire man, migrated to Dallas, then open, uncultivated country, and purchased a square mile of land, which he farmed for a couple of years. Then the gold fever drew his veins. He sold the farm for a few pounds and made his way to California on what proved a fruitless and heart-breaking quest of the yellow metal.

Long years passed, and Hancock, now an old and poor man, took it into his head to revisit his old Dallas farm to find that a city had risen in the meantime on his barren and despoiled acres, and that huge business blocks, costly dwelling houses, railways and parks, of an estimated value of £10,000,000, covered every acre of the land where he once fought Indians and hunted buffaloes. And all the old man said when he realized what an immense fortune he had lost, was this: "Had I remained here, but my foresight was not good."

But one need not cross the seas to encounter similar cases of lost fortunes. Seventy-two years ago an uncle of a provincial alderman emigrated to the states and became the owner of a large tract of unprofitable land in the northeast corner of the state of Illinois, but finding himself unable to handle it to cope with so much land he wrote home to invite his sister, with her husband, to go out and join him in his enterprise.

Six months later the alderman's mother arrived, only to find that her brother had died in the meantime, and that the government had taken possession of his land. She was unable to establish her kinship and claim, and after some years of hardship, during which she lost her husband, she returned to England with her young children, of whom the alderman of today was one. On the land thus lost a great part of the city of Chicago has since risen, and thus, under happy circumstances, the lady would have been an American multi-millionaire.

Not long ago, too, we remember, among the inmates of the Guilford Union Workhouse was a man who claimed to be the owner of the site of Johannesburg. He had had a career which outstripped fiction. Born in Sussex seventy-two years ago, he became a cadet in the East India company's service, had many a brush with Malay pirates, served through the Kafir war of 1852-53 and narrowly escaped death at the taking of Sebastopol. He commanded the Calcutta naval brigade in the Indian mutiny; served under Gordon in China, where he received a spear thrust in the chest; was a resident magistrate in Bombay; presidency, and then drifted to sheep farming in South Africa. It was at this stage of his variegated career that, in his own words, "I purchased 13,000 acres of land for a mere song. I gave £200 for it, and the land which I purchased is now occupied by the town of Johannesburg."

The Boer uprising speedily followed this purchase. The man fought against them, and, when the Boers were granted their independence, he refused point blank to take the oath of allegiance to the republic. "I refused," the old man said to an interviewer, "to become a traitor to my country, and all my property was confiscated. In the archives of Pretoria are the deeds of the land, marked as having been forfeited for refusal to take the oath."

To give but two more examples of millions that have been missed, William Richford, the shepherd who was the first to disclose the hidden riches of Ballarat, died heart broken and a pauper; and Donald Gordon thought himself a lucky man when he sold his Rockhampton farm of a square mile at a pound an acre, little dreaming that beneath its surface were the untold millions of gold which have made Mr. Morgan mint the exonym of the fabulously wealthy the whole world over.

His Inning.
(Chicago Tribune.)

The burglar, having filled a sack with valuables from the pantry and china closet, leisurely made his way to the bedrooms on the second floor.

"These summer outfits," he said, moving himself away comfortably to the most luxurious bed in the deserted mansion, "is great things for hard-workin' men like me."

THE WAY THEY FISH IN KANSAS.

Rivers Flood Cornfields and Farmers Go After Fish With Pitchforks.
(Kansas City Journal.)

"Going up in the mountains fishing?" I asked the insurance man who was telling fish stories in the Pullman smoking room. "Not much—better sport right here at home. I have just been up by Nebraska City in an old river bottom of the Missouri and had more fun than I could have in a mountain stream in a month. I go there every summer for a few days. The river cuts off a few hundred acres and left a mill out on dry land. The old bed fills with water every spring, holding enough the year round to keep the cat and bass alive. The fish, big and little, are Missouri taste muddy," came from a railway man opposite.

"Not much," defended the insurance agent. "The Missouri is simply colored from the clay banks of Montana and it does not affect the taste of the fish in the least." "I go up in Minnesota for the best of my fishing," put in another. "I get the fish, too. Every year I and my partner take our wives and go up to the headwaters of the Mississippi river—Lake Itasca and the lakes around there. We leave the women folks at a little settlement and we take our traps and go inland to another lake, where is the 'bull pen'." "Up the stockyard districts," inquired the railroad man.

"No; it is an old Indian's invention. He has built a log house perfectly round, with an opening in the center of the floor under this hole and there are ten beds around the wall, every man with his head to the outside and his feet to the fire. They are Indians and whistles mixed up in the bunch, but we all sleep hearty. I tell you." "Fish in the lakes, I suppose?" "Lots of them. The finest fishing in the west, anywhere—I doubt if the mountains could beat it." The railroad man, who had been listening closely, turned to the speaker.

"Oh, don't know," he drawled. "I'd you ever fish in a Missouri creek?" The crowd laughed. The railroad man was indignant.

"That is no joke. Let me tell you what I do once in a while. My partner and I hire a boat and boatman and ship them up to the head of one of the creeks or little rivers that flow down the foothills of the Ozarks in northern Missouri. Clear, bright little streams, with rocks and pools and long islands—no white man crosses them once a week, and mighty few others. The fish, don't know what it is to be hunted."

"Seine 'em?" inquired the insurance man quietly. "Not much. We get some provisions together and start down stream. The water runs about eight miles an hour and it would be too hard work to row against the current—that is why we ship up stream. The boatman had nothing to do except keep the craft headed right and help lift over an occasional fall. The fish go up stream about three miles an hour."

"As the house goes down stream, we ship the water for small mouth bass. They have been undisturbed so long that they will bite at anything. It is exciting, for the boat makes all sorts of sharp turns and the skill it takes to stand and handle a pole is something not often acquired."

"They fish with pitchforks out in Kansas," put in the conductor, who had been listening. "One day last summer we were sidetracked alongside the Kaw and I went out on the bank of an old river bed that had been dry so long it had been planned to corn. The crop was six feet high and the water had backed in from the river until it was three feet deep over the whole field. A farmer came driving through the corn and he had a fish in his water over himself and him."

"Suddenly he stopped and reached over the side of the wagon box with a pitchfork, as if driving for a lost pumpkin. He was a fish, he said. He got it—squirming and wriggling, to the surface, hoisting it into the wagon. The next lunch brought up a twenty pounder, and the third was bigger, and he had a hard work to land it. That old cornfield was fairly alive with catfish and carp, come in from the river."

"Did he get them all?" asked the insurance man. "Not that day. He took a wagon load to town and then stretched a barbed wire fence across the opening from the river and held the others in. They fed on the corn and kept fat. Every day he went in and speared another load. The crop lasted most of the summer and he made enough to buy a new automobile and an imported bull pup."

The conductor did not wait for comments. With the last words he called out, "Kansas City, Union station. All change."

MADE ADMIRAL BY ERROR.

No Official Record Was Kept of Captain Feaster's War Service.
(New York Press.)

In the obituary column of the daily press appeared last week notice of the death of Philip Joseph Feaster, U. S. N., retired. The officer had held the rank of rear admiral for a period, but was reduced to lower grade for no fault of his own. He was probably the only man who was made a rear admiral by mistake.

Briefly, his remarkable history is as follows: In 1861 Joseph Feaster secured a commission in the old Philadelphia navy yard as a shipwright. Soon afterward he was sent south with a number of mechanics and employed in building tin-clad monitors, vessels in the Mississippi river. They not only built them, but they manned and fought them. At the end of the war he received a discharge, although he had never been enlisted. After the war he worked as a shipwright in the employ of the navy department until 1875, when he secured an appointment as assistant naval constructor, and in due course was promoted until at the age of retirement, 62 years, he had reached the grade of captain.

He then forwarded his discharge papers received in 1865 to Washington, and, in accordance with the terms of the retirement act, which provides that officers having seen service in the civil war shall be retired in the next rank above the one they held, he was retired as a rear admiral. About a year afterward he received notice that there was no official record of his having served in the war, and in due course he had done as a civilian employee who had not been sworn into the service. And he was further informed that the corrected record he would have after he was ranked as captain on the retired list.

He was forced to refund about \$1,000 of excess pay, and, although the department expressed regret at the hardship, there was no remedy for him except a bill in congress. James Rankin Young, then the member from the Fourth district of Pennsylvania, drew a bill, but about that time a general order issued by the secretary of the navy forbade the presence of officers in Washington to urge legislation of any kind, and Feaster withdrew the bill and went to his grave a captain.

Society.

The executive committee of the Hospital Aid society will hold a meeting at 10 o'clock this morning at the Y. M. C. A., and a meeting of the entire association will be held tomorrow morning at the same place and hour. The women have secured the aid of the following men to help them push the matter of the charity ball to a success: Kenneth C. Kerr, W. W. Armstrong, George N. Lawrence, M. H. Walker, D. C. Adams and J. H. Woodman.

Mrs. Charles G. Plummer has invited a few friends in to spend this evening with Mrs. Somers-Cocks, who leaves tomorrow morning for the coast.

Miss Queenie Brockman will entertain a number of her girl friends at a luncheon at the Emery-Holmes tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Ash will leave next week to spend the remainder of the year in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Nolan are back from a two weeks' stay in California.

Mrs. Elmer E. Darling entertained a number of her friends yesterday afternoon at cards at her home on First street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maddox are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Windsor.

Miss Minnie Kiesel of Ogden is the guest of Miss Margaret Park at the Park home on South Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wood are back in their own home at 659 East Third South street, where Mrs. Wood is recovering her health.

The current events and current literature sections of the Ladies' Literary club meet today at the club house. Mrs. Thomas Weir and Mrs. A. I. Gorham will conduct a trip to Alaska, the section members and their friends being invited to join. Mrs. Weir and Mrs. Gorham spent a part of last summer in the Alaskan country.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gorham entertained about thirty of the old friends of Mrs. Percy Somers-Cocks last evening at a supper following the concert at the First Congregational church.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Knight will entertain the Lantern club at their home, 1089 First street, this evening.

Miss Olive Jennison left last evening over the Salt Lake Route for Los Angeles, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Frank Collier of Brighton, Colo., passed through the city yesterday on her way to California to spend the winter. She was a guest during the stay of Mrs. E. E. Schoppe, Mrs. Collier is Mrs. Somers-Cocks' sister.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Snow entertained at a Halloween party at which some thirty of their friends were present. The game played was "500," the prizes being won by Mrs. Leonard Raymond and George T. Brice. The house was decorated with pumpkins and corn stalks and the yellow color was carried out in every detail.

J. E. Outman, an orange grower from Riverside, Cal., has spent the past few days with Judge and Mrs. Thomas Marionaux. He left for his home yesterday.

John McChrystal is in town for a stay of ten days from his new ranch at Sunnyside, near San Francisco.

The committee of the Young Women's Christian association will meet at 3 o'clock this afternoon at the Y. M. C. A.

A dance is to be given Nov. 9, at which the following will be hostesses: Misses Claire Midgley, Josephine Clawson, Myrtle Jack, Winifred Evans and Nellie Smith. Two hundred invitations have been issued.

General and Mrs. J. Wilton Thompson are now at Whitehall.

A rummage sale will be held at Phillips' church, corner Seventh and Fifth South on Saturday, Nov. 4. Doors open at 10 o'clock.

Ladies' Aid of Hiff church will hold a cake sale at Keith-O'Brien's store, Saturday, Nov. 4, 1905.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

1362—T. Clarence Townsend, Salt Lake City.

1363—Maud W. Bacon, Salt Lake City.

1364—Joseph M. Schlegel, Altaona, Pa. May Marble, Neph.

1365—Rebecca D. Duncan, Denver, Colo.

1366—Hyman Jacobson, Sandy.

1367—Selma S. Erickson, Sandy.

1368—John R. Kelly, Salt Lake City.

1369—Juliet Crossland, Salt Lake City.

1370—Seward J. Stowe, Denver, Colo.

1371—Margaret McHugh, Denver, Colo.

Get Real Paint

When you pay for it. Not the kind that washes off with the first storm. When we decided upon a line of paint to handle here and make a winner it had to be one which would stand the Morrison-Merrill guarantee. That's why we chose M. & P. (climatically correct).

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23 MAIN ST.

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Keith-O'Brien's Boys' Shoes

High cut, storm, calf shoes wear like iron—keep feet dry and warm—\$2.25 and \$3.00.

OUR BOYS' SHOES will wear, will fit, will satisfy and will bring you back for the next pair. Prices \$1.25 to \$3.

15c cabinet wire hair pins for 10c.
10c cabinet wire hair pins, 5c.
Warner's hose supporters, special 5c.
Perfumed ammonia for the toilet or bath, 15c a bottle.

Reductions in Fine Stationery

Having bought a jobbers' complete stock of Eton Hulbur papers, we are in position to offer lowered prices, 25-cent and 35-cent values, in white and blue, ruled and unruled, at.....

18c

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Monday, Nov. 6, 8:15 p. m.

LORADO TAFT

SCULPTOR AND ARTIST.

Greatest Educational Entertainment of the Year.

Admission 50 and 75 cents.
Reserve Seats Now.

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TONIGHT AND TOMORROW NIGHT SATURDAY MATINEE.

HENRY W. SAVAGE

OFFERS
The Perennially Popular Musical Comedy
BY
PIXLEY & LUDERS,
Authors of "WOODLAND."

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN

WITH JESS DANDY
And Specialty Selected Cast, Chorus and Enlarged Orchestra.
Prices, 50c to \$2.00.

NEW GRAND THEATRE

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Tonight, matinee tomorrow 2:15 o'clock.
C. A. Taylor's great sensational melodrama.

Escaped from The Harem

Beginning Sunday night, "ONLY A SHOP GIRL."
Rabies in arms not admitted to any performance.
Night prices, 50c, 75c, 1.00; matinee, 25c.

LYRIC THEATRE

TONIGHT AND ALL WEEK.
MATINEE TOMORROW
LAST CHANCE TO SEE

MAY HOWARD

AND THE LIVING PICTURES.

Saturday matinee, "THE STAR SHOW GIRLS."

WE CARRY EVERY GOOD Chest Protector

THAT IS MADE—IN CHAM-OIS LEATHER AND FLANNEL AND COMBINATIONS OF ALL. WE ARE OFFERING A SPECIAL ONE AT 50 CENTS. THIS IS WORTH DOUBLE THE MONEY AND AN EXCELLENT VALUE. THE HIGHER GRADES SELL UP TO \$5, BUT THEY ARE ALL GOOD, AT ANY PRICE.

IT IS BETTER TO BUY ONE OF THESE NOW THAN TO CONTRACT A SLIGHT COLD WHICH MAY DEVELOP INTO SOMETHING SERIOUS AND MAKE YOU SICK FOR THE WINTER.

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There is nothing so good for the baby as St. Charles Cream. The result of analysis by prominent expert chemists shows that St. Charles Cream when properly reduced with pure boiled water, is almost identical in every respect with human milk. It differs from other milk products in that it is sterilized by heat alone.

St. Charles Cream does not curdle when added to acidic fruits and imparts a rich, delicate flavor. It is a natural food for mother and infant—it is better than the best ordinary milk for all purposes.

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Both phones—Bell, 175-K; Ind., 176.

DEMOCRATIC CITY TICKET.

Mayor, RICHARD P. MORRIS.
Recorder, WILLIAM H. BRAMEL.
Treasurer, JOHN S. CRITCHLOW.
M. F. CUNNINGHAM.

DEMOCRATIC COUNCILMANIC TICKET.

First Municipal Ward, Long Term, GRANTVILLE GILLETTE, Short Term, L. R. MARTINEAU.
Second Municipal Ward, Long Term, DAVID MARGETTS, Short Term, GEORGE G. SMITH.
Third Municipal Ward, Long Term, JOHN HOLLEY, Short Term, F. S. FERNSTROM.
Fourth Municipal Ward, Long Term, E. A. HARTENSTEIN, Short Term, W. J. TUDENHAM.
Fifth Municipal Ward, Long Term, DR. S. C. BALDWIN, Short Term, WILLIAM R. WALLACE.